

THE SMOKE NUISANCE

By Roy L. McCardell.



EVERY point at issue between the miners and the operators had been decided upon save one. On that one point Mitchell had been an irresistible force and George F. Baer—not our old friend, Jack the Bear—and George F. Baer had been an immovable object.

That great question that affected the fuel trade, bituminous and anthracite, so vitally was "What Kind of Coal makes the Dozing District-Attorney Smokes?" The general opinion was that he was stoked four times a day by Chief Clerk Luckberry and that soft coal was used exclusively, as witness the dense, acrid smoke that settled like a pall over the Lethal Chambers in Centre street.

So durable and tenacious was the smoke emitted by the Dozing District-Attorney that the asphalt company were hauling down large sections with hoes and spiking it down over rat holes as paving material.

Indignant taxpayers of the vicinity had held mass-meetings and had petitioned the Legislature to pass a law compelling the Dozing District-Attorney to consume his own smoke. As always, Senators McCarren and Grady had killed the bill in committee. There was no relief in sight, nothing in sight but smoke.

To the man in the street it was apparently soft coal smoke, for reasons and appearances noted. Experts, however, under the guise of Metropolitan Street Railway lawyers destroying vouchers and friends of insurance officials hired to help begot the issue, declared the Dozing District-Attorney consumed only hard coal.

"The very best red ash, free from slate and clinkers. The presence of so much smoke is due to the damper the newspaper has put upon his wanted fires," was the retort of the experts.

Any suggestion that the Dozing District-Attorney smoked tobacco was laughed to scorn. Like this: "Ha! Ha!"

Neither was the rumor that he had saved all his cigarette coupons and had traded them in for

- A folding bed,
- A brass bed,
- A cot,
- A divan,
- A sofa,
- A hammock,
- A lounge,
- A couch,

A copy of "The Sleeping Beauty," verified. The general opinion was that he had all these accessories before he started to smoke and sleep. Anyway, such trivial discussions only clouded the issue, which was, "What kind of coal does he smoke?"

Did the operators know whether it was soft coal or hard they would be willing to make concessions to the workers in the field that produced the brand of coal the Dozing District-Attorney smoked. It would never do for the vested interests or the upholders of the "higher law" to have the smoking and sleeping cease. In that case the Dozing District-Attorney might wake up and do something.

As it was no, there was nothing doing, but with the miners not working the supply of coal, hard or soft, being smoked by the Dozing District-Attorney might run out.

Mr. Mitchell, on the other hand, was just as anxious. Could he cut off the supply, the Operators must yield. Hence the present deadlock in the negotiations.

Later, it has been learned beyond dispute that the Dozing District-Attorney smokes "cut" coal exclusively. Take our word for it, concessions will be made to the miners in the anthracite regions.

HEART and HOME PAGE for WOMEN

Edited by Nixola Greeley Smith

TRUTH IN HIGH BALLS.

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.

Mr. Henri and other witnesses testified that two years ago, when Mrs. Henri was thirty-one years old, the event was honored with a reception at the Henri home. During the progress of the festivities Mrs. Henri said she would celebrate by drinking a highball for every one of her years. She drank thirty-one and was "assisted" to bed.

"That is the limit," said the Court. "Thirty-one must be about three pints. The decree is granted."—Chicago divorce trial.

As they then were divorced and lived happily ever afterward that is, it is to be supposed they will. To me the interesting feature of this is not the number of highballs consumed by the lady, but a correlative problem that suggests itself. It is this:

How far would a love for highballs impel a woman to tell the truth about her age. To what extent would thirst overcome the ingrained tendency to prevarication on this most mysterious subject?

That is the question. We have all attended birthday parties where a scant number of candles on the birthday cakes of ladies entitled to many more twinkled derision of the host. But there is absolutely nothing in these kindly lights to lead one to truth.

With highballs I'm sure it would be different. A middle-aged woman might start the festivities with a valiant determination to limit her age, and consequently her highballs, to twenty-five. But before half the number were consumed might she not be taken with a desire to tell the truth about her age, carrying, as it would, the privilege of so many delectable drinks?

So long as her years were measured by bits of twirling wax she would sternly limit them. She can exercise a taste for pink and cream candles at Christmas time without committing herself to anything. But the struggle between love of highballs and hatred of years must be a terrible one. And the woman who deliberately stood up and drank thirty-one drinks on her birthday when she might just as well have pleaded guilty to eighteen summers showed a variety of moral courage as rare as it is original. I doubt if the oldest member of the V. C. R. U. who wanted to drink as many sarsaparillas as she numbered years would occasion a panic at the smallest drug counter in town. For there is more truth in wine than in sarsaparilla. No soft drink that ever sold down a helpless throat was ever potent enough to make a woman tell her real age. It takes strong drink, sometimes even "wine," to bring that phenomenon to pass. In the case of the Chicago lady it took three pints, which, it seems to me, I remember is about the limit of the human stomach's capacity.

I am not recommending Intemperance. Highballs, cocktails, &c., are undoubtedly bad for the complexion and, therefore, should be sternly discouraged. But as far as the age question is concerned, we will have to paraphrase a verse of Mr. Le Gallienne's exultant Omar Khayyam:

"Would you forget your age, then drink red wine.
Would you remember it, then drink red wine."

Two Knife Hints.

WHEN turning out gelatine or relative moldings from the mold in which they have formed wet a knife in cold water before attempting to press it around the mold. By the same token wet your knife in hot water before cutting hot breads.

Removing Stains.

STAINS may be easily removed from the inside of decanters, &c., by putting into them fresh tea leaves, moist soap and hot water. Shake well, and when clean rinse thoroughly in cold water.

BUDGER, the "Want-to-Be" Boy—By "Pop"

1 Budger saw some exciting theatrical posters. "Oh, how I'd love to be an actor," he sighed. Make-Believe jumped through the poster, touched him with his wand, and—

2 all at once Budger found himself "making up" for the part of hero in a wonderful play where he was to wear the loveliest silks and spangles. Then he—

3 sprang upon the stage just in time to rescue the beautiful, golden-haired maiden from the wicked villain. "Unhand her, knave!" shouted Budger, whipping out his sword. The—

4 villain turned and a terrible duel began. But Budger spied a boy he knew in a box and forgot he was fighting. He asked the boy for some chewing gum—

5 and everybody in the audience began to laugh. Budger was grabbed by a stage hand, who whisked him into the wings and dragged him, trembling, to the—

6 manager of the theatre, who threatened him with awful punishments for spoiling the show. Budger burst into tears, but Make-Believe flew to the rescue and warded him home.

MR. NUNBUT, THE BRAVE: He Deserves the Fair.

By F. G. Long.

BETTY'S BALM FOR LOVERS.

Does He Love Her?
Dear Betty:
I AM a young lady twenty years old and am in love with a young man two years my senior. He has given me some nice presents. We have been keeping steady company for six months. He has always acted gentle-ly toward me. Do you think he

returns my love? How can I find out?
T. E. M.

He certainly seems to. I wouldn't worry about it if I were you.
A Bartender Loves Her.
Dear Betty:
I AM a young girl of seventeen and while rehearsing for a ball I met a young man. At first I was very much infatuated but now I have found out he is a bartender, but has no bad

She Has Other Chances.
I AM a young lady twenty-two years old and go out with a young man four years my senior. He has never asked me for my company. It is all

GO AWAY—BACK AND—
ROSE

In and Out of the Theatres

MRS. MARGARET WYCHERLY has joined the ranks of protean players for whom Henri de Vries has set a pace difficult to follow. At Proctor's Twenty-third Street Theatre she is making a character in a sketch called "In Sad Defiance" written by her husband, Mr. Bayard Veiller. Like "A Case of Arson," this lighthearted tragedy deals with a criminal. Helen Hastings has a husband hopelessly addicted to drink and chorus girls. She is patient and long-suffering, but when she hears him asking "Mazie" to come to the house on the night she is going to a ball she quite naturally registers a protest. Hastings's excuse is that he is too drunk to go to "Mazie," and his legs bear him out in this statement. To make matters more disagreeable he declares he will have the Casino lady talk to their crippled daughter like a mother. Mrs. Hastings flares up at this and gives a surprising counterblast of old age. The detective-sergeant wrings a confession from the wife by the trick of pretending to suspect her child of the murder, but the author mercifully draws a red velvet curtain over the woman's fate.

Mrs. Hastings flares up at this and gives a surprising counterblast of old age. The detective-sergeant wrings a confession from the wife by the trick of pretending to suspect her child of the murder, but the author mercifully draws a red velvet curtain over the woman's fate.

Mrs. Hastings flares up at this and gives a surprising counterblast of old age. The detective-sergeant wrings a confession from the wife by the trick of pretending to suspect her child of the murder, but the author mercifully draws a red velvet curtain over the woman's fate.

Mrs. Hastings flares up at this and gives a surprising counterblast of old age. The detective-sergeant wrings a confession from the wife by the trick of pretending to suspect her child of the murder, but the author mercifully draws a red velvet curtain over the woman's fate.

HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

By Margaret Hubbard Ayer.

Child Has Freckles.

MRS. G.—I think you are beginning to worry too soon about your child's complexion. She will probably lose the freckles as she grows older. If, however, you insist on a remedy now, try this simple formula. Thoroughly cleanse the face with warm water, and dry it. Then apply a half ounce of lemon juice, makes a lotion that is very effective in keeping freckles in abeyance, where it agrees with the skin. It should be applied at night after the face has been thoroughly washed and rinsed.

Mouth Is One-Sided.

H. H.—There is only one way to overcome the one-sided tendency of your mouth, my dear, and that is to make a determined effort to talk out of the other corner of your mouth for a little while and make it even. You know heavy culture is largely a matter of will power. Good luck to you!

To Turn Hair White.

E. C. P.—If we could only find what would turn the hair white a good many of us would have snow-white hair. I am sure. It is a pretty thing. Unfortunately, there is nothing of the kind. After washing your hair thoroughly rinse it out in water in which a little bluing has been dissolved. This will turn the rusty color into a good gray and the yellow hair will turn white.

HINTS FOR THE HOME.

Scalloped Mutton.

OVER the bottom of an earthen dish place a layer of bread crumbs, and over it alternate layers of cold roast mutton cut in thin slices, and tomatoes peeled and sliced; season with salt, pepper and bits of butter. The top layer should be of tomatoes, spread over with bread crumbs. Bake three-quarters of an hour and serve immediately.

Roast Beef Pie.

CUT roast beef, left from a previous meal, into thin slices, lay some of the slices in a deep dish which you have lined on the sides with a rich biscuit dough, rolled very thin, now sprinkle over this layer a little pepper and salt; put in a small bit of butter, and a few slices of cold potatoes, a little of

the cold gravy, if you have any left from the roast. Make another layer of beef, another layer of seasoning, and so on, until the dish is filled. Cover the whole with paste, leaving a slit in the centre, and bake half an hour.

Cold Meat and Potatoes.

PUT in a frying pan a round table-spoonful of butter. When hot, stir in a tablespoonful of chopped onion and a tablespoonful of flour, stirring constantly until smooth and frothy. Add a cupful of cold milk or water, season with salt and pepper and allow it to come to a boil; then add a cupful of cold meat finely chopped. Let this all heat thoroughly; then turn into a shallow dish, well buttered. Spread hot or cold mashed potatoes over the top, and bake for fifteen to twenty minutes in a moderate oven.

May Manton's Daily Fashions.

DOUBLE skirts are fashionable for the little girls as well as for the grown-ups, and are exceedingly pretty and attractive. We have made up a variety of materials, especially designed for modeling or for bordered materials, but can never-rehearse, be utilized for making a dress after any manner that may occur in the illustration. Embroidered batiste is combined with plain for the waist, but there are a great many washable fabrics that are shown with flouncings to make a dress and the like that make exceedingly attractive little dresses of a somewhat sturdier sort. Again, plain material can always be utilized and either braided or embroidered used as a touch.

The quantity of material required for the medium size (eight years) is 3 yards of calico, 12 inches deep, with 1-4 yards of plain material "31" inches wide, or 1-4 yards of 31-4 yards 36 or 38-4 yards 40 inches wide if plain material is used throughout.

Pattern No. 5331 is cut in sizes for girls of four, six, eight and ten years of age.

Call or send by mail to THE EVENING WORLD MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, No. 21 West Twenty-third Street, New York. Send ten cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered. IMPORTANT—Write your name and address plainly, and always specify size wanted.

Girl's Dress, with Double Skirt—Pat. tern No. 5331.